

WESSEX NEWS

VOL. 5. No. 13.

JUNE 21st, 1940.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

STRENUIS ARDUA CEDUNT

by the Rev. H. Livesey.

Even the barbed-wire was looking lackadaisical, as much as to say: "Don't for goodness sake expect me to do anything or stop anything in heat like this." Even the grass on the lawns had given up the unequal contest and left it to the clover to make what a showing it could—the roses spread their colourful splendour for a day, and then wilted wearily. All day long men lie about with the air of philosophers in the making; occasionally, one of them gets up and goes indoors to lie down; nothing else happens, except perhaps in the Turner Sims Library, and amongst those indefatigable workers, the Engineers,—and they like bats, seem to come out at night.

Professional journalists delight to meet an Editor,—it is usually the Editor who takes refuge from their wives, for they have always something that needs to be said, even if they have already said it before,—their bread-and-butter depends on it,—and they do believe that if only a thing is said often enough it will take on a semblance of truth and come to be believed. It may be true that I come in the category of those for whom the fact that they have nothing to say has never for one moment deterred them from saying it,—but to be asked to write it down—something snappy and worth reading,—is perhaps the last straw!—especially at the end of a session which has not been without incident, without alarms and excursions and noises off.

So be it. I do not feel culpable and shall experience no regrets if no one reads what I reluctantly write, if they are as jaded as I, the effort of reading will be worse than the strain of trying without undue quotation to say something that is not too original nor too banal.

In what a world we live! How we suffer and are so little inspired each one of us, with a desire to improve everybody else's mind or morals or politics—if only people would think, we say, how different the world would be. I suppose we mean—think just as we think; the other opinion must of necessity be wrong; but orthodoxy would be a lonely child if its twin, heterodoxy, had not sprung to birth at the identical moment; because any opinion right or wrong or otherwise is

only a judgement based on grounds short of proof, and a view which is held as probable is perhaps as good as any other view—as a starting point—but it is surprising how few of us really start. We pick up some cliché, take it as a heaven-sent truth, and get—nowhere. Why? Largely because we have not got the slightest idea when we are going or where we want to go, and perhaps we do not mind, and that brings me to an incident which occurred some Christmases ago.

Amongst my parcels was one that looked most inviting as a parcel,—its neatness and wrapping raised my hopes to the nth power, that unknown quantity with which the mathematicians have more than a nodding acquaintance, but which to more simple minds, just means the nth power. It looked, it was, a picture. Something perhaps which a friend more thoughtful than most had taken particular care to choose and to give pleasure. It certainly was a good frame: "DON'T WORRY IT MAY NEVER HAPPEN." My annoyance was only equalled later by my sense of shame; when finding by I had neglected to send a gift to one who must not be forgotten. I sent this anonymous horror, and was in due course the recipient of a letter of thanks, which remarked how strange it was that both of us should have chosen a similar gift. It DID happen, and perhaps this session has taught me the real value of that fatalistic motto which is—not to be over-anxious, but to be prepared to meet any eventuality with the courage which is ours if only we look for it; as a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. It is astonishing if you look back over the session what many difficulties, problems, anxieties, you have solved successfully. They all happened and it may be difficult to recall them exactly, and perhaps we were naturally a little apprehensive about them or should have been if we had known beforehand that they were likely. Don't worry, certainly, but that does not mean that we must not be prepared; a barrier across a road does not mean that a tank is hurtling towards you, nor does a life-belt or a boat hanging from the davits of a liner mean that the ship is bound to sink; to be prepared is the sign

of wisdom, and perhaps those to whom we are saying au revoir have learnt while living with us much wisdom. I can only say that we are sorry that they are leaving us for they have given us much of value and we should always be glad to welcome their return. The session has had its trials, but it has had another and pleasanter side, and in the years to come there will be many joys that 1939—40 will recall to you when the tyranny that besets us is overpassed, as be overpassed

it certainly will. Those of your friends who are to return next session will try to carry on the example that you have set us in your final year; an example of a courage undaunted and full of hope. Those who are leaving us temporarily will return with added experience which we shall not fail to appreciate, when once more it will be possible to say to all intents and purposes, we will do this or that when the red roses bloom.

IN BRIEF . . .

By the President.

I have been invited to reminisce, ruminate and write, but I must say that to reminisce is a personal luxury—at any rate too personal for *Wessex News*—and that to write—sense, seems not to be the fashion. Modesty forbids that I should boast and prudence that I should condemn, so that I am torn between the horn of a dilemma and the deep sea.

Perhaps it would be better if I wrote reminiscences of other Presidents but then—I may be sued for libel. The best plan seems to be to let them be unnamed (but I hope the incidents speak for themselves). A very notable President of not many years ago was invited to a certain dinner party held in one of the best hotels in Southampton. The President was seen to eye the asparagus with a very puzzled expression. Finally, he decided upon which end he thought should be eaten, and which should be cast away and, as is usual after sherry, the wrong end was chosen. He daintily placed the butter on the roots and chewed away contentedly for about twenty minutes. Being unable to make any impression upon the aforesaid herbage, he looked round for other means of disposal. He stared round into the expressionless but reprimanding gaze of the waiter and promptly forsook any intentions he had in that direction.

Eventually the situation became desperate, assuming the nonchalance of a connoisseur, he quietly slipped the mangled remains into a pocket handkerchief and thence into his dress suit. But the metaphorical cup of bitterness was not yet full for he thought fit, in his vivacity, to drink the water out of the finger bowl!

May that memory make him blush in his more sober moments

—and being sober reminds me of the President who attended breakfast at Connaught Hall, completely rigged up in the boiled shirt and tails he had worn for the dance on the previous evening. Discretion forbids that an account should be made of his intermediate happenings. Besides, who knows but that some poison pen of the future may stir up the mud of the past and besmirch my fair name—but my moments of indiscretion have been few.

But to return to the present. It has been a unique session, beset with the afflictions and restrictions of war, but it has been an interesting one. Unorthodoxy and novelty have been the order of the day. And why not? Tradition, especially during war-time is not a static hindrance but a moving force which has to be adapted, controlled, and directed into new channels. The Freshers' Social, the re-organisation of all social events, the amalgamation of the A.U. and Union Balls, the union of Stoneham and Connaught Halls, and the introduction of A.R.P. into College have all broken with custom but not with tradition. Perhaps, the climax was reached when Connaught and Highfield entertained, and right royally too, the French liaison officers who were billeted there.

And now before the final full-stop,—or the Editor's blue-pencil—is put to this short article, let me thank very sincerely—and this is really why I have written—the many officials of Societies, on whose co-operation the Union so largely depends, the Staff whose help we have sought on many occasions and particularly the officials and members of S.C. who have made easy-going over a very hard session. Good luck to those that follow.

WESSEX NEWS

Friday, June 21st, 1940.

Offices:

STUDENTS' UNION, UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, SOUTHAMPTON

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Editorial

Positively the last appearance this session—the editorial must open with this assurance to its readers; the editorial staff can accept this dictum of the President as final and after this issue can enjoy the feeling of being free for a few days from the eternal quest after information and news items which haunts their less happy moments. Relieved we may be that the end of the session has come and with it the final issue of *Wessex News*, 1939–40, but there is a regret which goes deeper than our momentary freedom from pressure.

In the midst of its jollity the end of the session is always marked for many by a feeling that something rather precious has come to its close. College will come up next term and they will not be there to greet a new year with the cry of "Hello!", had a good vac.²⁷ Their year will probably begin amid strange surroundings and strange faces; the happy days of Hall and College, enjoyed perhaps for three or four years—their student days—will be at an end. This feeling is more generally present this year than in any other, when so many of our men are going down, their College life cut short and their career, as they had planned it, interrupted. One thing is certain, however: wherever they go, it is with the good wishes of us all.

Those who will be back next session may now be thinking that College will not be the same without the sight of the faces and the sound of the voices to which they have been accustomed. They will see new faces—and the Freshers are bound to be a hopeless crowd, aren't Freshers always, in the eyes of the second year at least—and they will hear new voices which will not compensate for the old. Our President, Vice-President and Secretary, noble souls, who have carried us through a difficult year, will no longer be with us, and although we welcome the officials of next year, it is not without regret at the thought that many of the old familiar faces of the S.C. Office will be visible to us no more. Session closes this year in unusual circumstances, may next session open under happier skies.

Even though the future is uncertain—for who knows what

continued at foot of next column

Buttons

On Monday morning our representative was honoured by being granted an interview with no less a person than that genius loci, Buttons. Very much aware of the success of past Buttons-interviewers, and even more aware of his own lack of funniness prevailing at this juncture, this interviewer advanced to his task with singularly mixed feelings as the agile body in which is housed the sprightly spirit of the interviewee lurked and pranced and peeped and finally emerged from among the forest of pillars in his native glade, the main vestibule. The interview went something like this.

Me: Well, my little man, it is a beautiful day, is it not?

Buttons: 'S alright.

Me: I hope the weather finds you in the pink.

Buttons: 'S alright.

Me: Good for the root crops.

The shade of Mr. Middleton: No!

Me: Are your root crops doing well?

He: Well, pretty good.

Me: Now, tell me, how did you first come to become a Buttons?

Buttons: Well, my eldest brother Albert was first in the job. After him came Bernard, and after him came little I, and well, here I am.

Me: Have you ever thought of growing out of your uniform?

Buttons: (showing the imminent division between trousers and tunic) I haven't got much further to go.

Me: What are your views on the social situation?

Buttons: I don't think much.

Me: Well, what are your views on women?

Buttons: Well, I know a lot of girls—Well, let me see—I am not exactly a confirmed cynic or misogynist.

Me: Well, what are your views on College women?

Buttons: Oh gee! you got me in a spot there. Some are very nice, and some are not very nice. (They won't know who I mean, will they?)

Me: How do you keep your marvellous schoolgirl complexion?

Buttons: Don't be funny. I use Palmolive.

Me: Please, how many buttons have you on your tunic?

Buttons: 70.

Me: Is that why you are called "Buttons"?

Buttons: I kinda think so.

Me: How long does it take you to do them all up in the morning?

Buttons: 25 secs. That is not a record.

continued on page 3, column 1

EDITORIAL—continued.

will become of the country when Highfield has joined the Land Army—the future of this paper is even more obscure. Will war conditions allow the publication of *Wessex News*? Of whom next year's staff is to consist we do not yet know, for they are to be appointed at the next meeting of S.C. But good luck to them whoever they may be, and good luck to *Wessex News*.

EAT, DRINK and be MERRY . . . and come to the Tennis "Ball."

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COLLEGE AS I HAVE KNOWN IT

By Mrs. Sly

I started at College on May 1st, 1929. I had already made contact with some students on School Practice at Taunton's School so it wasn't altogether an unfriendly start. At that time about a hundred and fifty students had lunch daily in Refectory, and a number of men, who were doing handicraft had tea as well. New Highfield Hall was being built and some women were resident in Old Highfield with Miss Aubrey as Warden, while the rest were at South Hill with Mrs. Ashdown as Warden. The men in residence were at South Stoneham with Professor Cock as Warden, who was also Chairman of the Refectory Committee. A student secretary was present daily to look after the interests of the Students and Mr. Cox, the Manciple, was in charge of everything. The Botany building had been built but there was no zoology block, and the zoo students had a hut across the road. Professor Eustace was in charge of the Engineering Department and Professor Stansfield of the Physics.

The new Highfield Hall was partly complete in the next session and then we had our first lot of two-year students. New Hall was being built at the time, and those men who could not be placed at South Stoneham were sent to South Hill and to the Y.M.C.A. The women by then were all at Highfield.

The four years of two-year students seem to me to have been the happiest and most prosperous years in my time. There were all types but they were all willing to enter into every activity. Thanks to Professor Lyttell and Dr. D. Cecil Williams, the musical part of life flourished and there were some great performances. The Zoology Block and New Hall were completed about this time and when the second lot of two-year students arrived, New Hall was fully occupied and Dr. Lawton and Dr. Rutherford were in charge. From what I heard, it was a very happy home.

In my second year, thanks to Mr. Casson, the Boat Club was launched and has been a great credit to the College. Only once do I remember any bad feeling in that club, and all honour to the Captain who carried on and won

many races, although he never realized his great ambition. The new Library and Administrative Offices followed in the building plan and then the Physics Block. In the June of 1929, the College and Students entertained Mr. Montefiore and I think a very enjoyable time was had by all. At that time College Rags were held regularly and although they undoubtedly collected large sums of money for the Hospitals, I was glad when they stopped. Professor Rishbeth retired at the end of the '36 session and was greatly missed. The College also suffered a great loss by the sudden death of Professor Patchett in June 1936. I did not know him but I have heard him spoken of with great respect by students who had sufficient intelligence to appreciate him. More was to follow, Professor Howland and Mr. Clarence Smith both died in that year, and rumour had it that Professor Cock was leaving. Fortunately, he didn't for after that he organised the Summer Schools for French and other foreigners and a Refresher Course for older teachers. I remember that a German student had a very severe illness and had so many blood transfusions that she said that she was more English than German! The most exciting day I can remember was when the Finals list came out with three firsts for our students in the English Department. Many students seemed to deserve better

continued on page 3, column 1

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COLLEGE AS I HAVE KNOWN IT—continued.

results than they got, but there is such a thing as luck.

The new refectory is almost complete and the poor old refec. will soon be a thing of the past. What has struck me about the later years is the terrible apathy and indifference of a number of students and their sad lack of manners. Perhaps it needed the present horror we are all enduring to bring them to their senses. I have great hopes that a finer spirit will prevail and make the College the worthy place it once was.

BUTTONS—continued

Me: How often do you clean them.
Buttons: I have been here over a year and I have cleaned them once. At least, my mate cleaned them for me.

Me: Did he clean them well?
Buttons: Have a look for yourself.
Me: Are your duties very onerous?

Buttons: My duties are exceedingly onerous, but I am not hard working. In fact, I do hardly any work at all.

Me: Really, young man, you ought to be ashamed of yourself.
Buttons: Well, I'm not.

Me: Then have you ever thought of marrying?

Buttons: No.
Me: Has the idea ever dawned upon you vaguely?

continued in next column

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DRESS—INFORMAL.

Buttons: I don't think so.

Me: Sure?

Buttons: Well, — I don't think so.

Me: Well, I don't think I need say any more about that, but what are your famous last words?

Buttons: Burden has just come out of the Examination Room.

F. E. H.

The Old Refectory

"If you have tears. . ."

Few of us can remain unmoved by the news that the old College Refectory is to be used no more.

It is true that ever since we have been at College each session has been heralded as "the very last of the Old Refec.," but now the worst has really happened, we are almost numbed with horror.

Before we transfer our affections to the modern monstrosity over the way, it might be fitting to survey with sympathetic eye the glories of our old friend.

It was built during that other war, and its timbered expanse, its sprawling shape seem imbued with the spirit of a more leisurely age, but inside it is a veritable hive of industry. There is no waiting, no queuing. Everywhere there is that noiseless efficiency which is the British ideal. And what beautiful surroundings? With its high roof, and rows of Jacobean tables, the profusion of flowers, its spotless floor, it seemed destined to play a nobler role than that of a College Refec. There is something almost regal in its bearing.

Again, College has always been most anxious to make us comfortable. And as it is perhaps a failing of Refec, that it gets extremely hot, we cannot but applaud the decision to install fountains in the roof, and to devote the whole of one side of the hall to ponds and miniature lakes.

Truly, it would be bliss to eat anything in such surroundings. But how fortunate are we that the actual cuisine is excellent. There is such a variety of attractive dishes: from Salmon Croquettes to Spaghetti on Toast, from Fish Cakes to Cornish (?? W. P. W.) Pasties, everything reached a new level of excellence. Though, as we look back, we are forced to confess our real favourite was

continued in next column

THE OLD REFECTORY—cont.

"Sausage and Mash." Where else in the United Kingdom has the same dish appeared again and again by general request: and there is good reason, for "S. and M." "let me speak its praise is no less provocative of the appetite than it is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate."

Nor have the interests of College Refec. been solely with feeding the body. Surely the Cottage Pie episode of 1937 cannot have faded into oblivion. Even the beverages have a distinctive flavour, where else could you obtain anything that even approached Refec. tea. While the coffee is quite unlike ordinary coffee.

Like all great institutions, it has its idiosyncrasies. The assistant, who was most anxious to change any money, during the 11 o'clock rush, was deaf to your entreaties at 1. Though even this is not as fantastic as that particularly ill-advised voucher system—evidently designed to keep College in a perpetual state of insolvency. It is obvious that Refec. was not run for profit. There are few places where you could buy 2 biscuits for a 1d.

This is the Refec. we have loved: these are the traditions that will not die.

Architects the world over will mourn the old Refec. as another broken link with the past. We have heard that the National Trust are seeking to preserve the Refec. as a monument for all time. We can only hope that this rumour is not unfounded.

W. P. W.

Diary in Retrospect

Apr. 15th Term opens. Pam finds a new, nice cuddly man. (*)
Apr. 16th Maggie starts reading Spens Report in Refec. and collecting Engineers.

Apr. 24th John Gifford starts Empressing the girls—the double-crossing two-timer!! See (*) above
Apr. 25th Trondhjem fell—so did Mad. Lane takes a new turning.
Apr. 27th Sports and Union Ball.
4.30 p.m. George starts running the 3 mile race.

4.31 p.m. George stops running the 3 mile race.

7.30 p.m. Cyril starts enjoying the Union Ball.

Apr. 28th Cyril still enjoying the Union Ball.

Apr. 29th Cyril wakes up and wishes he hadn't.

Apr. 30th Maggie finishes first chapter of Spens Report and gets the set of Engineers.

May 9th The Secretary of the Union seen in the Library (but only just).

May 12th The Secretary of Connaught was not seen on the telephone.

May 24th The 1st XI win a cricket match. President of Connaught achieves a thrilling victory with a flashing series of cow-shots and leg-glances.

May 26th Miss Izzard becomes the Queen of K.N.'s Knight.

May 31st Retreat from Dunkirk.
June 1st French army besieged at Highfield. Heavy bombardment and shock tactics—only one casualty. See (*) above

June 2nd French army retreats from Highfield.

June 3rd Atkins becomes conscientious in Bittern Park.

June ? Helen starts Eastern campaign. Pook goes West.

June 5th Baylis blacks-out at 6.30

June 11th Ken Whale visits the Isle of Wight with his latest red-hot monna.

June 20th England at bay—Little-dale joins Marines.

Diary ends with problem. Will Jack Roberts announce engagement before end of term?

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SPORTS

In this the last issue of *Wessex News* for 1939—40 the Sports Section must note with regret the loss of so many stalwarts of College Sport. The war has helped to add to the number of those who would be leaving normally, and branches of Sport seem at present hopelessly denuded.

Our most serious loss is undoubtedly Wallace who has blazoned the name of U.C.S. in every University in England. A representative of his country in athletics, a "regular" for the U.A.U. Soccer XI, and now a dashing batsman piling up runs for the cricket team by his all round ability, his sportsmanship and modesty he has made himself a most popular figure at College. In all his future activities we wish him luck.

We also regret the departure of Counsell, captain of cricket, Roberts, captain of Rugby—surely there never was a more wholehearted player—Soong, captain of Tennis, and hosts of others in every College Club who have never failed to do their bit in making U.C.S. a force to be reckoned with.

Good luck and good sport to all those who are leaving and to all who have to find teams from somewhere next season.

ATHLETIC CLUB.

The College won the Reynolds-Garrett cup contested organised by the Eastleigh A.C., held at the

County Ground last Wednesday. The final points were: U.C.S. 38; K.A.C. Winchester 28; Eastleigh and Southampton A.C. 20.

The 100 and 220 yds. were won by Wallace in 10.3 and 22.6 secs. respectively. He also won the long jump at 21ft. 0½ ins., which was a remarkably good performance under the conditions prevailing. Sager was 3rd in the 100 yds. C. T. Reed won in the high jump at 5ft., with Fielding 3rd. Wood and Dukes were 1st and 2nd in the 880 (Time 2min 6.8secs) The relay team won in 3mins 48s.

The College beat A.S.T. (Hamble) by 69 points to 33. Wallace equalled the ground record for the 100yds. in 10.0 secs., and the relay team (Wallace 440, Loader 220, Sager 220, Wood 880) created a new ground record of 3mins. 44.2secs.

Snellgrove's performance in the 3 miles is to be noted especially.

As this is the last A.C. report of this session we should like to wish luck to our departing members, and especially to Wallace, Dukes, K. N. Reed and C. T. Reed who have all been in the team for at least four years.

CRICKET CLUB.

U.C.S. 1st XI v. Old Edwardians. Won by 115 runs. U.C.S. 194—7; O.E. 79. (Counsell 4—11, Baylis 3—2).

This match was full of incident. Promptly at 2.30 eleven men were pawing the ground, ready to get at the opposition, and, with cheerful resignation, were already edging towards the playing square.

At 2.45 Counsell WON THE T.O.S.S., and nine men scuttled back to the Pavilion to enjoy the spectacle of someone else fielding on a hot sultry afternoon.

Windust and Baylis were obviously fascinated by the new ball, and were reluctant to leave. 90 runs were on the board before the partnership was dissolved, of which Windust had made a forceful 55. About half an hour later Baylis passed his score, and did not leave till the total had reached 174. Wallace, Taylor and Gilbert all added their quota, and Counsell declared at the tea-time score of 194—7.

There seemed little chance of the O.E.'s getting the runs, but they played quite brightly, and by 6.45 had 59 on the board for 4 wickets. Their captain then sportingly decided to play on, as there seemed a slight chance of a result.

At this point Counsell came back for his second spell with the ball, and quickly caused havoc in the ranks by taking the hat-trick. However, he was not satisfied with a double personal achievement, and he completed his second hat-trick by bringing Baylis into the attack. The left-hander's cunning variations of pace and length seemed to give the batsmen considerable trouble,

and the last 5 wickets fell for 3 runs. Our only comment is to concur with Mr. P. G. H. Fender's opinion that every ball is a good ball that takes a wicket.

It was very encouraging to see the early season's promise at last fulfilled. Perhaps the opposition was not of the strongest, but even so the batsmen were always masters of the situation, the bowling provided more variety than usual, and even the fielding was keener.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who have rendered service to the Club this season, and who have helped to build up the fine spirit of sportsmanship in both teams. And finally we congratulate the new officials on their election, and Counsell, Baylis and East on winning their colours.

TENNIS CLUB 1940.

Played 11. Won 5. Lost 4. Abandoned 2.

An apathetic season, naturally. Play was never brilliant, sometimes steady, often weak and half-hearted. Against other Colleges, and in our friendly matches with the Staff and the Wags, we generally did well, because in spite of our lack of enthusiasm, we had the nucleus of a good team. In a peace-time season, and with the U.A.U. competition providing the necessary stimulus, we might have revealed last year's standard. But some members of the club have not yet found their form, and moreover, experiments with the pairing seem never to have been entirely successful. Two or three players have improved noticeably on their last season's form, and these are to be congratulated on their keenness. On the other hand, some of the newcomers are only now beginning to use their heads as well as their muscles. Against such veterans as Bellemoor, this fault of ours had disastrous consequences.

On the whole, the standard of proficiency and of enthusiasm has dropped, but through the energy and keenness of some, it has been prevented from falling below a level justifiable in the light of present circumstances. To these sportsmen and sportswomen to the captains and vice-captains particularly, hearty congratulations, and many thanks. Colours were awarded to Miss May, to Soong and Lane, undefeated; to one of the mainstays of the women's team, Miss Binning, and to a welcome newcomer to the men's, Blackburn-Kane. Davidson was elected to the task of finding a men's team, somewhere, next session; Miss Sharpe, his contemporary and sometime partner will, I am sure, do full justice to the promising material she will have at her disposal. Finally, if you know aught of footwork, on the court or on the dance floor, if you are interested in the future of Coll. tennis or Coll. dances; if you have derived enjoyment from either during your time here—come to the tennis "Ball" tomorrow night!

IN MEMORIAM.

We offer our deepest sympathy to Professor Watkin on the death of his nephew who was serving in the R.A.F. The Wing Commander of his squadron wrote to his brother:

"In the first place may I offer you my deepest sympathy; we here shall miss him keenly. Whilst on patrol with two others they attacked and shot down a German aircraft. They were then immediately attacked by nine Messerschmitts: Jack and another pilot were shot down in the engagement that followed, but not before they had accounted for several of the enemy."

Flying Officer Jack Lydall was given a military funeral and buried in Lodding Cemetery, which is at the entrance of the Ofoten Fjord, west of Narvik.

THAT'S WHAT WE THOUGHT

"I have always regarded the larding of one's pages with foreign words as an affection not less deplorable than the plastering of one's luggage with foreign labels." (Peter Fleming's *Brazilian Adventure*.)

The President, on behalf of S.C., would like to thank Miss Elizabeth Newman for willingly undertaking to publish this edition of *Wessex News*, in the absence of the Editor, Mr. E. W. Bishop, who is taking Teachers' Dip.

Secretaries of College Clubs
etc.

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